

## COURAGE—DESPAIR—HOPE—CONSOLE

## HER LIFE NOT WORTH LIVING.

Wife of an Artist Tragically Answers Her Own Question.

"ALL LOOKS DESOLATE."

In a Poem She Asks, "How Many Bitter Years to Wait?"

HUSBAND FINDS HER DEAD.

This the Return of Artist Roseland from an Exhibit of His Pictures.

ENDS HER LIFE WITH GAS.

The Death of Her Parents Had Throne Her Reason, and She Was Impatient to Join Them.

## THE GREAT QUESTION.

"Is life worth living?" the cynic cries—  
Around him all looks dark and desolate;  
Ambition faded, hopes scattered, love turned to hate,  
He sneers at faith and truth, he laughs at fate;  
The laugh dies on his lips—  
From out the gloom, he sees his mother's loving face,  
With tender pleading eyes.

"Is life worth living?" the mourner cries—  
Around her all looks dark and desolate;  
The loved one gone, beyond recall, O bitter fate!  
She thinks of their reunion—how many years to wait!

The sobb break from her heart—  
From out the gloom she sees her little child  
With outstretched arms—  
The tears fall—and she sighs.

"Is life worth living?" the toiler cries—  
Around him all looks dark and desolate;  
The nerve heat or bitter cold—the endless work;  
He suffers pain and hunger—does God forsake?  
He lifts his weary eyes—  
And from out the gloom he hears a long forgotten song—  
"O Paradise! O Paradise!"

## HELENE ROSELAND.

The white, slender hand that wrote these verses is still, now—still as the woman's heart from which the question came. She has answered it for herself. Young, pretty, the wife of a prosperous artist who was devoted to her, she made up her mind that life was not worth the living.

Her husband found her dead in her room late on Friday night. She lay as she had fallen, face down upon the bed, when the gas overcame her. At her hand was a piece of paper, as if she had dropped it on the counterpane.

"This is my fault," was written upon it. "I have made a failure. Forgive and forget. Everybody thinks I am crazy. I—There is a sorrow after the last word."

The suicide was Eva Helene Roseland. Her husband is Harry Roseland, a well-known artist, whose home is at No. 405 Bergen street, Brooklyn. She was an extremely pretty little woman, twenty-three years old.

The shadow in her life. The death of her father and mother about a year and a half ago almost broke her heart. She was an only child and the idol of her parents. Her mother died in her arms.

The shadow then cast over Mrs. Roseland's life was never lifted. A few weeks after her bereavement she wrote the poem at the head of the column.

Mr. Roseland is a member of the Salina-gundi Club, of New York, which gave a reception on Friday evening. Three of his pictures were to be on exhibition, and Mrs. Roseland begged her husband to attend the reception. He has unwillingly to leave her because she had fainted while visiting him in his studio in the afternoon.

"I told my wife I would be home early," the artist said yesterday. "I kept my promise, and arrived at my home at 10:45 o'clock. I went at once to my wife's room, on the second floor. It was locked. I forced the door, and found my wife lying on the bed. The room was full of gas."

Made Sure of Death. Mrs. Roseland's preparations for suicide had been elaborate. After locking the door she had carefully stopped every crevice. Then she had fitted a rubber tube to the gas jet, letting the tube end fall over the bed. On the table were the pen and ink with which she had written her last message. Her work was so well done that her husband's parents in the next room did not detect the slightest odor of gas. The coroner's jury decided that the woman was temporarily insane when she concluded that life was not worth the living.

DYING, SHE FED HER OWN.

Annie Kaufman Took a Fatal Draught, Attended to Her Duties, and Died When Her Husband Came.

Mrs. Annie Kaufman, mother of four children, the oldest fifteen years and the youngest four, took a fatal draught of Paris green yesterday morning and died last night at 11:30.

Mrs. Kaufman lived with her husband at No. 31 Olive street, Williamsburg, where she conducted a small candy store while her husband worked daily. Business has been so bad during the last month that her husband's salary was used to pay the rent for the store besides running the home. The woman grieved over this, and being in poor health she became tired of life.

After taking the fatal dose she attended to the house duties and when she felt ill about noon the oldest girl asked her mother if she needed the doctor. Mrs. Kaufman told her daughter not to get him. The mother set the table for dinner and gave her children food to eat. Several times she nearly fainted, and the children could not finish their meal. Then a friend came in, saw Mrs. Kaufman and left, advising her to send for a physician. Kaufman reached home shortly after 7 o'clock. He saw the children in the store, asked for his wife and when he reached her side in a rear room she died. It is believed the woman was temporarily insane.

## THEY WOULD NOT PART IN DEATH.

Annie and Hyman, Married Tried to End Their Lives Together.

HAD SO VOWED TO LIVE.

A Slot Machine Furnished the Gas for the Attempted Asphyxiation.

TRAGEDY IN THE MODEL FLATS.

When Neighbors Found Them It Seemed as Though the Husband Had Fainted and Struggled for Life.

We swore to live together, we swear now to die together.

ANNIE KEANE, HYMAN KEANE.

A thin, pale woman rented two small rooms on the fourth floor of No. 240 Cherry street three months ago. The woman seemed to be about twenty-four years old. Her behavior was eccentric; she could not make up her mind about taking the rooms in the house, which is one of the "Model Flats."

"She told me her sister chose everything for her," said Mrs. Morel, agent of the flats. "She seemed so unhappy after she came here that I thought her sister chose her husband for her, too."

The woman and her husband moved into the rooms. She did not associate with her neighbors, even with Mrs. Shustick, who lived next to her. Early yesterday morning Mrs. Shustick awoke. The odor of gas almost choked her. She roused her husband, Meyer. They heard groans in the rooms of the Keanes.

Shustick and Samuel Lewinstein entered the Keanes' flat by the kitchen door, which was unlocked. The gaseous odor was so strong there that, fearing an explosion, Shustick extinguished the lighted lamp. He opened the door of the Keanes' bedroom and the rush of gas kept him out for awhile.

The thin, pale woman and her husband were on the bed in their night robes. Both were unconscious. She lay on her back, faintly breathing. He, seemingly, had made an effort to get out of bed, for his toes touched the floor. It was as if he had felt the grip of suffocation at his throat and tried to escape. On the table was the note, signed by this woman and man whom, truly, death could not part.

"We swore to live together, we swear now to die together."

These words were scrawled in Russian. Some of the neighbors translated them. The Keanes were hurriedly taken to the Gouverneur Hospital, where the surgeons said they may recover, although their condition is extremely critical.

Naturally, the police believe that the woman and man tried to kill themselves. There was the note. Besides, they lighted their rooms with lamps alone until Friday, when they dropped a quarter in the slot gas machine in the tenement cellar.

Only his attempt to save himself goes to disprove the idea that Keane and his wife meant to die together. Perhaps she despaired, meant to take her life and take him with her. Perhaps he repented and would have cut her loose last night.

CLEVELAND BOXES BROKEN.

Truckmen Smash Furniture of the President

Destined for His Princeton Home.

Princeton, N. J., Feb. 20.—It was learned today that some of the furniture belonging to President Grover Cleveland, which is being moved from Washington to his future home here, was broken by some of the truckmen while en route from the station. It is said that some of the truckmen broke open several cases of wines belonging to the President and that this made them bilious. At the house of the President it was stated today that the wine the truckmen had drunk did not belong to the Chief Executive.

One piece of furniture broken by the truckmen was a large deer's head. It was valued at \$300, and the horns of the animal had been broken off. This was sent to New York this afternoon to be repaired.

The baggage of the President and his family has not yet reached Princeton. The house is being made ready for the President and his family.

Still Seeking McKane's Pardon.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 20.—The friends of John Y. McKane continue their efforts in his behalf.

## IN MARIA BARBERI SHE FINDS HOPE.

Angeline Fevante, Who Struck and Killed Priordi, Thus Argues: "Maria Go Free, Why Not Me?"

"Me die, too? No, me not die. Maria Barberi killed man; I killed man. She live, I live, I hope."

Tears were in the lustrous black eyes of Angeline Fevante as she sat in the woman's prison of the Tombs yesterday. She is charged with having taken the life of Francesco Priordi on the previous night, at No. 234 Mott street. A stick of firewood was her weapon.

"So long," she said, unclasping her hands and indicating a distance of about sixteen inches with her small, well formed hands. "So thick," she added, making a circle of about three inches in diameter with the thumb and forefinger of each hand.

No husband has she, yet three little children, hardly able to lip her name, call her "mamma." She has been married, but the man who made her his bride obtained a divorce from her while their honeymoon

been idle and drinking freely. He lived at No. 257 Elizabeth street. Wild from the effects of liquor, he went to the Mott street house. There he tried to make love to pretty Fannie Laigi, who lives in the rear tenement, but she repulsed him and fled. Angeline was looking on. She called Priordi a loafer and he responded in kind. He made a threatening gesture and she retreated into the house, where her common law husband, sometimes a banker and at others a barber, was at this time having a patron.

## Here's the Hand.

Vittorio started to fire a revolver at Priordi, but Angeline anticipated his movement by striking the intruder with the piece of firewood.

"You've killed him!" "They will do nothing to me," she retorted. "They will let me go. They let me go, like Maria Barberi."

Priordi died at dawn. Angeline's blow had fractured his skull.



Angeline Fevante, Who Says She Will Be Freed Like Maria Barberi.

Neighbors give Angeline a bad reputation, and say she has not only abused her children, but looked them up while she went to visit Andrea Puplato.

In the Centre Street Court room, to which she had to be taken by force, she created a scene. Catching sight of Puplato, who sat on a rear seat, with her youngest child in his arms, she stared at him wildly. "Give me my baby," she shrieked, and she darted toward the man, but was restrained.

Then the girl cursed Andrea, but he made no sign of resentment. "I hate him!" she hissed, and immediately became hysterical. Thus she was taken to the Tombs. She has not yet been assigned to a cell, but it is possible, the matron says, that she may be put into lucky No. 17, the one in which Mrs. Mary Agnes Fleming, Maria Barberi and others were confined.

Storm Signals Ordered Up. Storm signals have been ordered displayed from Delaware Breakwater to Newport, Me. The storm is central over the upper lake regions and is moving eastward, and will to-day probably cause high southerly winds on the New England and Middle Atlantic coasts to-night, with snow and rain.

Riley Grannan's Father Dead. Paris, Ky., Feb. 20.—Joseph Grannan, aged sixty, father of Riley Grannan, the plunger, died at his home in this city tonight. Riley, who is in San Francisco, was notified. The plunger lately gave a \$10,000 home to his father.

Oxford Defects Cambridge. London, Feb. 23.—The "inter-collegiate" game of football between the Oxford and Cambridge teams to-day was won by Oxford by a score of one goal to nothing.

## LIFE WEARY, SAVED HER

Lest He Inhale Gas, Mrs. Cutler Covered the Canary's Cage.

TOM THOUGHT IT NIGHT.

The Woman Said, "I Am in the Way," and Sought the Hereafter.

HER FIRST THOUGHT OF HIM.

"Is the Bird All Right?" She Gasped When the Surgeons Brought

Her Back to Consciousness.

This woman, ill and despondent, would have rid her husband and the world of herself. Yet, seeking the unknown, she carefully tried to save her pet canary's life. She is Mrs. Elizabeth Cutler, a carpenter's wife. They live at No. 549 East Seventy-second street and were happy and comfortable until a few weeks ago, when Mrs. Cutler fell ill.

As time passed she grew hopeless and threatened to commit suicide. Cutler laughed at her.

One day he took home a canary. "This is a fine songster," Lizzie, he said to his wife, "and he'll cheer you up while I am at work."

Yesterday morning Mrs. Cutler was in the depth of despondency.

"I am only in the way," she said. "I am only a hindrance. When you come home to-night you'll find me dead."

Cutler laughed, and as he went out chirruped to the canary that it was a bit lonely singing. In the afternoon the odor of gas permeated the house. The janitor broke in to Mrs. Cutler's flat. She was on the bed, senseless. A rubber tube extended from the nearest gas jet to her lips. Her throat and wrists were cut and by the bedside were a rusty knife and a file.

The canary's cage hung on its accustomed hook. But the cage was covered by a thick cloth that Mrs. Cutler had carefully wrapped and bound around it, so that the escaping gas might not choke the canary. When this cloth was removed the canary was on the bottom of the cage, silent and with his feathers ruffled. The woman had sought the hereafter; the bird imagined night had come.

Mrs. Cutler was taken to the hospital, where the doctors gradually revived her. She opened her eyes, she slowly collected her scattered senses.

"Is it—the canary all right?" she gasped.

That was not, flattering to Cutler, who, however, is much grieved and worried, for the wise law has made his wife a prisoner on the charge of attempting suicide.

DR. POTTER'S SON ILL.

Dr. Gunn Allowed to Enter to See the Patient—Health Endangered by the Water Stoppage.

Mr. Eyster, the private secretary of the Rev. Dr. D. C. Potter, performed the daily household duties of the Pinkerton guards yesterday. He went out of the Baptist Mission Society building unknown to the fourteen men who are guarding it, and, after a short stay, returned to the building. He was not, however, in much of a hurry to return, for the water supply of the city was cut off by the guards yesterday in the person of Dr. Gunn, the physician of the Potter family.

For some days Sterling Potter, the sixteen-year-old son of the doctor, has been complaining of illness. His condition became serious yesterday and the guards, after consultation with the Pinkerton office, decided to allow a physician to attend him. Dr. Gunn gave it as his opinion that the illness of the boy was caused by the fact that, owing to the cutting off of the water supply by the guards, it has been impossible to use the sanitary attachments in the building. The guards allowed medicine for the boy to enter the building. Dr. Potter threatens a damage suit against Lawyer Clinch and John D. Rockefeller for the injury done the health of his son.

Dr. Potter refused last night either to deny or affirm a story to the effect that he had driven the Pinkerton's away from his water supply with a revolver. His congregation will meet as usual to-day in the Eleventh Street Welsh Chapel, where they will listen to a sermon delivered from their pastor by proxy. Dr. Potter promises to leave the house on Tuesday next to attend the trial of his case, but he promises, also, to get back again.

Young Behr Found His Father.

THRASHED TWO MEN.

William and Henry Bloy. Retreated Before Her and Locked Themselves In.

OLD BEHR IS LUCKIER.

Released from Prison, He Cries, "Would I Could Serve for Both of Us!"

THE GIRL'S APPEAL REJECTED.

Now Her Friends Are Trying to Influence the Board of Pardons of New Jersey and Governor Griggs.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare When strong affection stirs her spirit up?—SOUTHEY.

Miss Edith Behr, of Elizabeth, N. J., must serve the five months' sentence of imprisonment that was imposed upon her. In defence of her old father this young woman, beautiful and of irreproachable character, thrashed two men, William and Henry Bloy, "did assault them with force," and all that, says the law, with much verbiage.

Miss Behr was found guilty in Judge McCormick's court. The case was carried up, and yesterday the Supreme Court of New Jersey decided her appeal adversely. Now nothing but the Governor's clemency can keep her out of prison, and her friends are already moving to influence the Board of Pardons.

Her father, old Barnard Behr, is tucker. He had begun to serve his sentence of five months' imprisonment when yesterday the higher court returned a writ of error in his case. Miss Edith was in court with a bondsman when her father was taken there from prison. She embraced her father, who was much more concerned for her than himself.

"I wish to heaven I could go to prison for ten months—for both of us," exclaimed Behr, who is sixty years of age.

"I don't mind it, and, for your sake," cheerfully answered Miss Edith, "I don't mind it." The father of the Behrs and the Bloys adjourn each other. William and Henry Bloy, young and stalwart men, complained that Behr's cattle trampled their fields. One evening the Bloys set upon Behr's cattle and then upon their owner. His daughter, who is usually quiet and amiable, ran to his help. She caught the Bloys; for mills were always woman's weapons. She kicked, she struck, and then with such force and effect that the Bloys, strong as they are, retreated to their house and locked the doors.

The Bloys declared that Miss Edith and her father were trespassing on their property, and that they used only the force necessary to eject them. But Behr was so badly injured he could not appear in court next day. The jury deliberated for an hour, and then found father and daughter guilty. Then came the appeal.

STAMP THIEVES CAUGHT.

Two Well Dressed Boys, with Pockets Full of Booty, Fall Into the Police Net.

Two neatly dressed boys, who have evidently carried on a system of robbing stamp collectors and stationers, for months past, in their eagerness to dispose of some of their booty, fell into the net of the police yesterday, and were both arrested and sent to the care of the Jersey Society.

Their pockets bulged with the proceeds of their pilferings, which consisted of account books, penknives, pocket rules, pearl penholders and hundreds of postage stamps, many of them in envelopes, and doubtless stolen from stamp stores in various parts of the city.

The young culprits were taken to the Old Slip Police Station, where their names as George Mills, of No. 162 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, and Harry Smith, of No. 125 the same street.

From Smith's pockets there was produced two handfuls of booty, and as the boys' names were taken, the police found much of the property taken from Smith, the police think that his name is Chase, although he stoutly denied it. He is a well-educated boy, of refined manners and wore a school medal of gold. Both are fifteen years old.

Shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon the boys entered Scott's stamp store, at No. 82 Nassau street, and in the guise of stamp collectors, busied themselves in going through the stock. In a valuable collection shown to them, was a \$15 postage stamp of Uncle Sam's mail, which they took and left the store, going straight to Scott's father's store, of the same kind, at John street, where they sold it for sale. Mr. Scott at once recognized the stamp, and, calling in Policeman Thomas Grady, of the Old Slip Station, had the boys arrested.

Both prisoners maintained a surprising composure, refusing to say a word, but when they saw the surprise of the police, as penknives, rules and small articles of stationery were taken out of their pockets one after another, the boys burst out laughing.

SILVER GAINS A POINT.

Senate International Conference Bill Reported Favorably to the House by the Coinage Committee.

Washington, Feb. 20.—The House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures has taken a step toward international bimetallicism. It reported favorably this afternoon to the House the Senate bill providing for the representation of the United States by commissioners at any international monetary conference, but with an important amendment. Should the measure pass the House—as it most likely will—the country may be treated to the sight of a number of official Walcotts added to the diplomatic force.

The Senate bill appropriates \$100,000 and vests in the President the power to name commissioners to any international conference that may be held. The amendment offered by the House committee gives the President the additional power of appointing one or more special commissioners or envoys to such of the nations of Europe as he may designate, to seek by diplomatic negotiations an international agreement for the purposes specified in the bill. This action was taken by the committee to give the incoming President every opportunity of following the platform of his party as well as his own views.